





FLY! FLY,
LAUNDRY PANTS MAN! THE
PEOPLE NEED YOU!



CREPENZA, I
HOPE YOU STILL HAVE SOME
LAUNDRY LEFT BECAUSE I AM IN NEED
OF SOME SERIOUS RAGE
FOLDING!



KNOCK
YOURSELF OUT.
ARE YOU OKAY?

AH, I'LL BE
FINE, BUT RIGHT NOW I
DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE
MORE ANGRY AT RILEY
OR MYSELF.



DID YOU
GUYS HAVE
ANOTHER
ARGUMENT?

THE WORD
'ARGUMENT'
IMPLIES THERE
WAS SOME
REASON BEHIND
US YELLING
AT EACH
OTHER.

ONE MINUTE
WE WERE WORKING
TOGETHER ON THE
ENGINE...



... THE NEXT
WE WERE SHOUTING
SOMETHING INCOHERENT
ABOUT WRENCHES.



IS EVERYTHING
OKAY BETWEEN
YOU GUYS?

I THINK SO,
BUT I'M STILL WORRIED.
WHAT IF RILEY AND I MADE
A MISTAKE, JUMPING INTO
A RELATIONSHIP SO
QUICKLY?

ALICE, EVEN
THE BEST COUPLES
ARGUE NOW AND
THEN.

BEING COOPED
UP IN A SUB FOR
WEEKS ON END WILL
MAKE ANYONE
TENSE.



Then she said that none of this would have happened if I had used the wrench she had suggested in the first place!

CROMP SCARF

And then I said she never had asked me if I wanted any help at all!

NOM NOM GRUNCH CHEW

Then SHE said, 'then do you want my help or not?' and I said 'no!'

Then she LEFT!

WHAT ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT? IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS. ALICE IS YOUR DESTINED LOVE!

But she doesn't know that! I never told her about Dragonfly's gift.

TUFF? I THINK I FINALLY FOUND AN OUTFIT THAT FITS!

"MUNCH" OKAY THEN, LET'S SEE IT!

It still feels weird, playing 'dress up' like a bunch of five-year-old girls.

BLITZ'S CLOTHES DON'T FIT RAVEN IN HIS CURRENT STATE. WE'RE LUCKY THE LAST PASSENGERS ON THE SUB LEFT SOME SPARES BEHIND.

NOW WE JUST NEED SOMETHING THAT WILL FIT AND LOOK...

... INCONSPICUOUS.

FLUTTER

Bwuah Ha! Hee *snort*
Ha! Hee



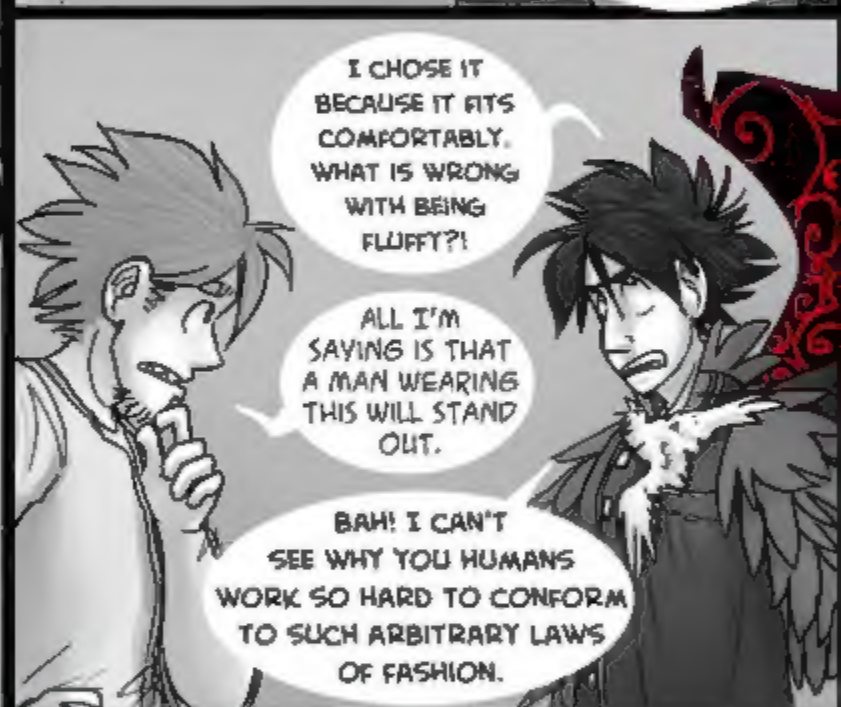
OH, NOT
AGAIN. WHAT'S
WRONG WITH IT
THIS TIME?!

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA



You
look like
my
grand-
mother!

IT IS A
BIT FEMININE,
DID YOU HAVE TO
PICK SOMETHING
SO... FLUFFY?



I CHOSE IT
BECAUSE IT FITS
COMFORTABLY.
WHAT IS WRONG
WITH BEING
FLUFFY?!

ALL I'M
SAYING IS THAT
A MAN WEARING
THIS WILL STAND
OUT.

BAH! I CAN'T
SEE WHY YOU HUMANS
WORK SO HARD TO CONFORM
TO SUCH ARBITRARY LAWS
OF FASHION.



MAYBE WE
CAN FIX IT...
PERHAPS A
BELT?

A BELT?
OH YES, I'M SURE
A BELT WOULD BE
JUST THE THING-



IF
I HAD A
WAIST!



I don't care how many times I've seen you like that, it's still freaky.

AT LEAST HE'S GOT A HEAD NOW. IT WAS DOWNRIGHT STARTLING THE FIRST FEW DAYS.

AAAUUGH



IT'S BEEN ALMOST A WEEK SINCE THERE WAS ANY PROGRESS IN YOUR BODY FINISHING ITSELF.

I'VE NOTICED. I'M STARTING TO WORRY I'LL BE STUCK LIKE THIS FOREVER.



Y'know, I think Tuff's right, this robe might not be beyond repair. If we took off these ruffles...

Look, the sleeves underneath are fine!

GET RID OF THIS STUPID BIRD OF COURSE.

No, wait! Leave a few feathers.

I BET THIS BELT WOULD FIT IF WE JUST PIN IT UP!



WELL, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR ARM, BUT THE REST IS DECENT.

Why Raven, your scarecrow body almost looks presentable now!

NOT BAD.

NOT BAD AT ALL.

THAT EVENING...

WELL, WE'VE
MANAGED TO MAKE
IT TO PAPER ISLAND
IN ONE PIECE.
NOW WHAT?

NOW WE
ACTUALLY HAVE TO
FIND THE NEXT HEIR,
AND WARN HIM OF
THE DANGER HE
IS IN.



THE BOOK
SAYS HE'S ON
THIS ISLAND, BUT
BEYOND THAT IT
CAN'T PINPOINT
HIM.

LOGICALLY,
WE SHOULD FIRST
LOOK IN THE LARGEST
SETTLEMENT ON
THE ISLAND

IT WON'T
MATTER HOW MANY
PEOPLE LIVE IN A CITY
IF THE ONE WE WANT
ISN'T AMONG
THEM.

THE BOOK
SAYS HE'S AN AVIAN.
AVIANS LIKE CROWDED CITIES,
THEY'RE USED TO BEING
IN FLOCKS.

AH, BUT
YOU ALSO SAID
HE WAS FROM THE
DUST-RUNNER CLAN,
WHO TRADITIONALLY
LIVE SINGLY OR
IN PAIRS!

THAT
WOULDN'T
EXCLUDE THEM
FROM LIVING
IN A LARGE
CITY!

DO
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
AGAINST
PASTORAL
SETTINGS?
MAYBE HE'S
A FARMER!

I'M JUST
TRYING TO
SAVE TIME!

SIGH

AH, FINALLY.
SOME PEACEFUL
COMPANY.



ANY OF YOU LADIES SEEN A MAN WITH ONE EYE RUN PAST HERE? NO?



AH WELL, HE'LL COME BACK, ONCE HE'S MADE FRIENDS AND MOOCHED FOOD FROM THE LOCALS.



HMM...



YOU'VE GOT IT PRETTY GOOD, YOU KNOW. NOT THAT YOU DON'T HAVE PROBLEMS OF YOUR OWN, I'M SURE.

MRRM?



BUT YOU DON'T HAVE ANCIENT EVIL SPIRITS TO FIGHT, OR UNDEAD CYBORG PIRATES CHASING AFTER YOU.



SNIFF
SNIFF

YOU DON'T HAVE HANDSOME HALF-MEN SNEAKING YOU SHINY TRINKETS EVERY OTHER DAY LIKE A LOVESICK MAGPIE...

...YET NOT MAKING EYE CONTACT WITH YOU FOR WEEKS ON END.



MRRRRRAH!

